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TABLE OF CONTENTS

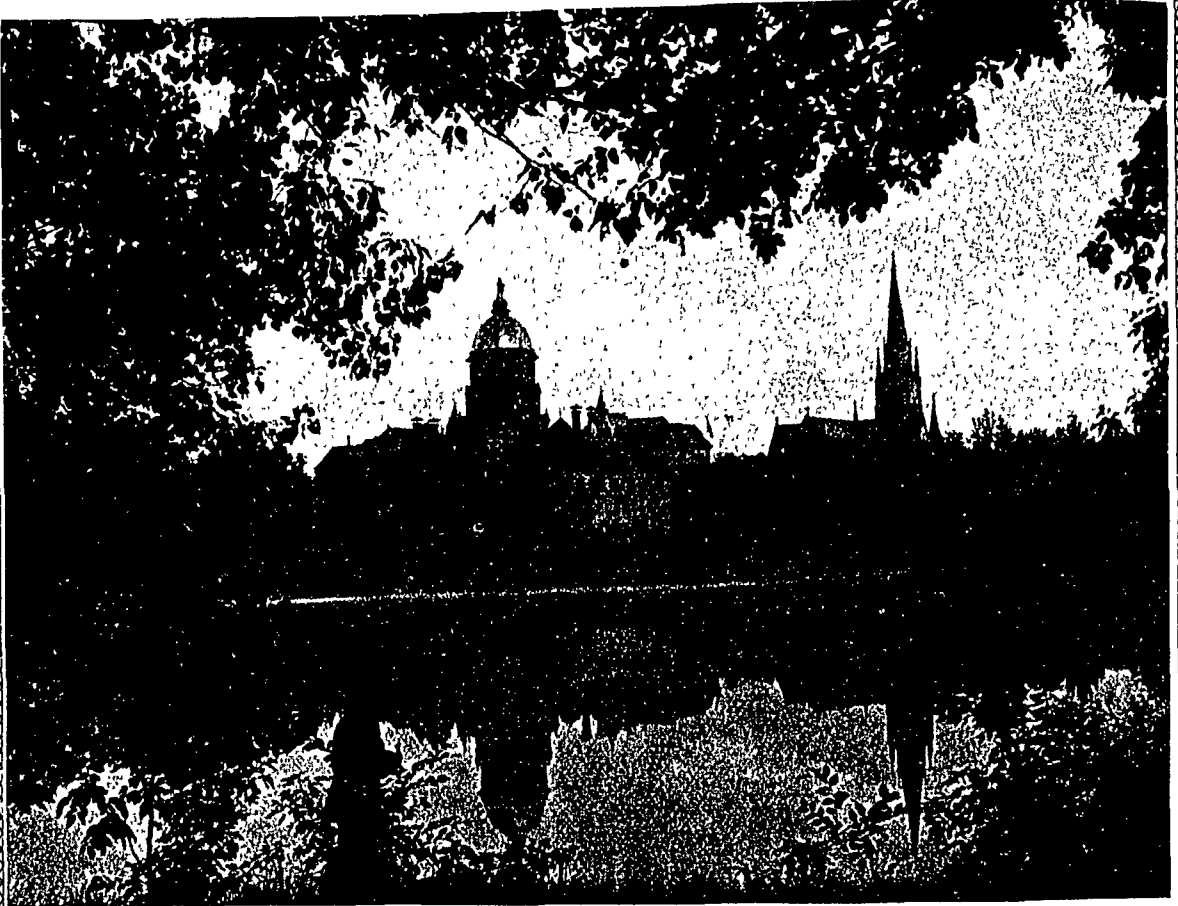
1928

Frontispiece	<i>Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C.</i>	676
The Week	<i>J. F. Mahoney</i>	677
Jack J. Spalding Wins Laetare Medal	<i>Richard Parrish</i>	678
Next Week's Events		680
Campus Personalities		681
Music and Drama	<i>Arthur Stenius</i>	683
The Campus Clubs	<i>John Bergan</i>	685
The College Parade	<i>Cyril J. Mullen</i>	686
The Editor's Page		687
Hobnails	<i>Allan-a-Dale</i>	688
Winks (A Story)	<i>William T. Bresnahan</i>	689
Dialogue (A Poem)	<i>Jasper Brent</i>	693
Football Schedule for 1928		695
Other Sport News		694-698

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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



Three Leaves of Shamrock

*This leaf for you who in your heart yet keep,
 Apart from all your later loves, one spark
 For that emerald earth where tides of twilight creep
 Along the hours to flood the days with dark.*

*And this for you of these forget-me-nots
 Who, when dreams are loscd to lead you where they list,
 Go out singing with them from your waiting thoughts
 To where fringed daisies drip of Irish mist.*

*And you who never have a homing thought,
 Take this—the last. Some winter evening yet
 You will come upon it sudden and unsought:
 Then may it stir you till your eyes are wet!*

—PATRICK J. CARROLL, C.S.C.

Reprinted from AMERICA.



THE WEEK

The basketball classic of the year between Sorin and Sophomore, for the interhall championship, was played Tuesday night. Sophomore won, but there were several circumstances which serve to mitigate, for Sorin, the sting of defeat. The first, and most obvious, is that Sorin certainly tried hard enough to win, especially in the closing minutes. A second is that Sorin had the most unusual, and the most ribald, cheering section ever seen, as Jim Conmey will testify.

Professor Kelly offers two one-act plays for your approval tomorrow night in Washington Hall. Both are written by campus playwrights, and the actors are recruited from the student body, with the exception of one female part. One who has seen the practice sessions reports that they should be good, and we rely upon his judgment sufficiently to recommend them to you.

And in the mean-time, while we await the production of locally written, locally produced, almost locally acted one-act plays, the ambitious members of the Monogram Club are preparing their annual "Absurdities." We are told by confidential agents that one of the skits will portray the West as it is not—we are from the West and have seen Western skits in great numbers—with Tim Moynihan as the Big, Bad Man. We must admit that the West as it is not is incomparably more humorous than the West as it is.

We read not long ago in a South Bend paper about a man whose store was being robbed or burned, we forget which, and because he was unfamiliar with the workings of the dial system, he was unable to get the police or fire departments in time to save his stock or his cash. For every South Bend incident of that kind we can name a dozen, of equal importance to their victims, that have happened out here. We are now entering upon the third week of trying to call

Saint Mary's to tell our cousin something which would have been of inestimable importance when we began the unequal struggle, but which is now about as interesting as a last year's dance program. The whole thing is, in all likelihood, a project of the Western Union Co.

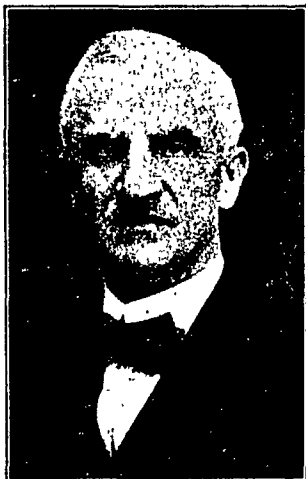
The social season, which begins when Lent ends, promises some lively entertainment. The Chicago club formal Easter is the first, and will be the largest. (If all those who are planning at this time on going manage to get there, the Congress Hotel should make Soldier Field, with its football games, look like a piker.) The Lawyers' Ball, which last year earned the distinction of having the ——— orchestra ever heard in these parts, (supply your own superlative) comes shortly after, and the band proposed for this year will probably be even warmer. Hard on the heels of the Lawyers' affair will come the Knights of Columbus dance, and the Senior Ball will follow. Those who attend all of these will, as Father O'Hara would say, have got all there is out of college, and nothing will remain but to hang around for a degree. This last boon may conceivably be refused to a few who pursue the bright lights a little too thoroughly.

Whether by accident or design, there is invariably a chorus of dropping silverware as grace is being said in the West dining hall. While such a demonstration is undoubtedly humorous to the perpetrators, it is no less irreverent, and could easily be done without.

Tomorrow the campus will celebrate St. Patrick's day; if we know the campus, that means that three freshmen and a sophomore will wear green neck-ties, and that the names of the men will be, respectively, Schultz, Capapoulos, Swanson, and Mlk. The non-smoking tradition is not the only one that has gone to the Elysian Fields. J.F.M.

Jack J. Spalding Awarded Laetare Medal

The Laetare Medal for 1928 has been awarded to Jack J. Spalding, of Atlanta, Georgia, a foremost Catholic and a distinguished lawyer.



JACK J. SPALDING
of Atlanta, Ga.

Termed the outstanding Catholic of the South today, one of the state's first citizens, Mr. Spalding has achieved his greatest renown as a result of his work in connection with the parochial school system of Atlanta and because of his efforts in behalf of charity throughout the southland.

Jack J. Spalding is an adopted son of the South. He was born in Morganfield, Kentucky, and practiced law there after completing his education at Seton Hall College and at St. Louis University in 1878. After serving as county attorney of his native city in 1881, he left for Atlanta.

LEADING SOUTHERN LAWYER

In Atlanta, Mr. Spalding quickly gained distinction as an exemplary Catholic and as a lawyer of exceptional ability. A prominent member of the American Bar Association, he is one of the leading lawyers of the South. For many years he has been the senior member of a law firm that has as members men of the calibre of Judge King, who resigned to become a member of the Federal Court of Appeals.

Mr. Spalding has never sought political office since the days when he was county attorney in Kentucky, but he was a delegate from Georgia to the Democratic National Convention in St. Louis in 1888 and in Kansas City four years later.

For the past 40 years Mr. Spalding has been the adviser of the priests and bishops of his diocese in Church affairs. He has

freely and generously given to the Church the benefit of his legal and business ability.

AIDS PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Laetare Medallist is credited with having done as much as any other adopted son of Atlanta in developing the city. Every civic movement for the city's advancement has had his support. In 1926, when the public schools of the city were about to close their doors because of lack of funds, it was Mr. Spalding who evolved the plan that kept them open. Pointing out the fact that the Catholic Church is not opposed to the public school, Mr. Spalding drew up the warrants and certificates of service upon which the banks agreed to loan \$500,000 to 50 leading Atlantans. Three other prominent Catholics were actively concerned in this plan that kept the schools open.

Mr. Spalding has been conspicuous in state and national affairs, although he always seeks to work with a minimum of publicity. President Wilson selected him to go to Palestine and adjacent countries during the late war, at the time when the Armenian and Syrian Society of Relief for the Near East was formed to supplement the work of the Red Cross in Palestine. Mr. Spalding was forced to decline, however, because of the young families of his two sons, who were then serving with the American forces.

SPALDING PRACTICAL CATHOLIC

Mr. Spalding is a practical Catholic in every sense of the word. His example and influence has had a marked effect on other members of the Church. He has given time, counsel and finances generously to the Church. He is an attendant at daily Mass and a weekly Communicant. This in spite of the fact that he is advanced in years, not in good health, and that he lives several miles from the parish church.

The paramount interests of this man are concerned with Catholic education and charity work. Mr. Spalding is largely responsible for the erection of the new

parochial school at Sacred Heart parish in Atlanta, a beautiful building costing about \$100,000. He has contributed generously to the fund for the Sisters Home, which is now being built. Further, he is a contributor to the Catholic Female Orphan Asylum.

MANY CHARITABLE INTERESTS

Mr. Spalding's unceasing labors for Catholic education are rivaled only by his many charitable interests. He has been the presiding officer and genius of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences and Particular Councils in Atlanta for many years. He never misses a meeting of either the Councils or the Sacred Heart Conference. He is vice-president of the Metropolitan General Council of Baltimore of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and he has established councils of this Society in many cities throughout Georgia and Florida. In December, 1927, the Pope recognized his good work by making him a Knight of St. Gregory.

The National Council of Catholic Charities claims Mr. Spalding as a member. He is actively interested in this organization. His contributions to charity in his adopted city are numerous. It was through his personal efforts and contributions that the recent improvements in the St. Joseph's Infirmary were made possible.

LEADER IN LAYMEN'S ASSOCIATION

The Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia is one of the most active organizations in the country founded for the purpose

of presenting to the public at large the truth concerning the Catholic Church. Mr. Spalding is one of the organizers and a former president of this twelve-year-old body, which is made up of the leading Catholics of Georgia. Despite his advanced age, he travels nearly 200 miles each way to make the annual retreat of the Association at Augusta, a retreat similar to those conducted at Notre Dame.

In honoring Mr. Spalding, Notre Dame is likewise honoring the Catholic people of the South, a people who in many cases have been tested almost to endurance in their efforts to preserve their faith. Religious prejudice, however, is slowly disintegrating in the southland and it is such leaders as Jack J. Spalding of Atlanta who are in large part to be credited for this dawning era of religious tolerance.

THE LAETARE MEDAL

The University has annually conferred the Laetare Medal since 1883 upon some leader of the Catholic laity of the United States. The medal is awarded as a recognition of merit and as an inspiration to greater achievement. It takes its name from the fact that it is awarded on Laetare Sunday, the fourth Sunday in Lent.

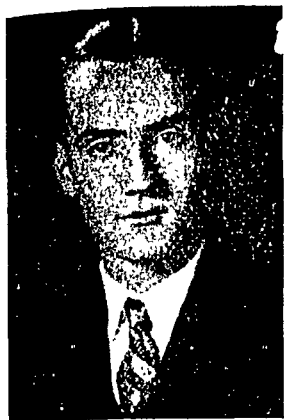
The recipient of the medal is chosen each year by a special committee of which the President of the University is chairman, from a standing waiting list of persons suggested from year to year.

The names of the Laetare Medallists from 1883 to date are as follows:

1883	John Gilmary Shea	1897	Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet	1913	Charles B. Herberman
1884	Patrick J. Keeley	1898	Timothy E. Howard	1914	Edward Douglas White
1885	Eliza Allen Starr	1899	Mary Gwendolin Caldwell	1915	Mary Merrick
1886	General John Newton	1900	John A. Creighton	1916	Dr. James J. Walsh
1887	Edward Preuss	1901	William Bourke Cochran	1917	William Shepherd Benson
1888	Patrick V. Hickey	1902	Dr. John R. Murphy	1918	Joseph Scott
1889	Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey	1903	Charles J. Bonaparte	1919	George Duval
1890	William J. Onahan	1904	Richard Kearns	1920	Dr. Lawrence F. Flick
1891	Daniel Dougherty	1905	Thomas B. Fitzpatrick	1921	Elizabeth Nourse
1892	Henry F. Brownson	1906	Dr. Francis Quinlan	1922	Charles Patrick Neil
1893	Patrick Donahue	1907	Katherine E. Conway	1923	Walter George Smith
1894	Augustine Daly	1908	James C. Monaghan	1924	Charles D. Maginnis
1895	Mrs. James Sadlier	1909	Frances Tiernan	1925	Albert F. Zahm
1896	General William S. Rosecrans	1910	Maurice Francis Egan	1926	Edward N. Hurley
		1911	Agnes Repplier	1927	Margaret Anglin
		1912	Thomas B. Mulry	1928	Jack J. Spalding

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

Dorotheus M. Meinert, president of the Student Activities Council, has returned from the eighth annual Mid-west Student Conference at Boulder, Colorado, where he and Louis Carr represented the University of Notre Dame. Meinert spoke on our Student Council, outlining its unique plan of organization and methods, which was approved and praised by the assembly.



D. M. MEINERT
President of the S. A. C.

While at the conference, which was held at the University of Colorado,

Carr was made a member of the Credentials committee and Meinert was appointed to the chairmanship of the Nomination committee for the ninth annual conference.

"Turk" has been active in campus life. Since he became president of the S. A. C. Notre Dame has had its first pep meeting and send-off for the basketball team. He has been a member of the Blue Circle for two years and is now its chairman. He has been on the SCHOLASTIC business staff several years, being business manager during 1926-27. He also headed the music committee for last year's prom.

The Pittsburgh club re-elected Meinert president of the organization this year. With "Turk" as chairman, a most successful Christmas dance was held at the Pittsburgh Field Club. The orchestra was that of C. J. McCormick, a former student at Notre Dame.

"Turk's" various activities' experience will prove valuable when he returns to the bon air city with an A. B., for there is Pitt and Carnegie Tech. While not engaged in those controversies he might work out a coal strike solution.

FINAL PLANS ANNOUNCED FOR BANQUET TO BASKETBALL TEAM

Final plans have been made for the civic testimonial banquet in honor of the Varsity basketball team under the auspices of the Villagers club. The banquet will be held on Tuesday evening, March 20, at 6:30, in the faculty dining hall and will be limited to 200 guests.

The entire squad, including the freshman team, will be in attendance at the affair, at which the successor of Captain Joe Jachym will be elected. The program will include talks by several coaches, officials and newspaper writers.

Among the speakers will be: K. K. Rockne, George Keogan, Justin Molony; Ward Lambert, coach of Purdue, the Big Ten champions; Arthur Lomborg, coach of Northwestern; W. F. Fox, of the Indianapolis News, and John Igoe, student manager of the basketball team during the season completed.

The committee in charge of the affair includes: Burton Toepp, Norm Hartzer, Francis Jones, Kenneth Rexstrew, Jack Shively and William Konop.

"HUNK" ANDERSON NAMED COACH AT ST. LOUIS

Hartley Anderson, '21, has been named football coach at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. "Hunk," as he was familiarly known about the campus, has been line coach and assistant to Coach Rockne for the past five years and it was mainly through his efforts that Notre Dame was so strong in this department. He was, during his playing days, named on many honorary teams. In addition to serving three years on the football team he played hockey, and received his degree in M. E. in 1921.

At Saint Louis he will be assisted by "Chili" Walsh, end on the 1927 team. They left South Bend on Monday for St. Louis, where spring football practice began Wednesday.

Poetry Number of THE SCHOLASTIC next week.

UNIVERSITY THEATRE PRODUCTIONS

Tomorrow evening in Washington Hall, the University Theatre, that histrionic organization which has been highly successful in stimulating dramatic activities upon the campus, presents its second group of productions of the year. Although the group to be produced lacks in quantity, only two one-act plays are to be presented, all who have seen the plays in rehearsal agree that greater quality is presented; but such a remark in no way tends to disparage the productions of the past two seasons, for it is only natural that experience and background enriches an endeavor. As is the custom of the organization, the plays presented have come from the minds and pens of Notre Dame men who are members, or who have been members, of Professor Phillips' class in play writing, while all members of the casts, with the exception, of course, of the ladies who have so graciously given their time and assistance to the productions, are all members of "The Notre Dame Players' Club." Professor Frank Kelly has once more completely supervised and directed the productions, and it has been due to his untiring efforts that a polished presentation is promised as a climax of St. Patrick's Day.

The first play, "A Sign and a Wonder," by Murray Young is drawn against a Biblical setting, and is a powerful drama having to do with the conflict between the man of faith and the unbeliever. Permeated with a mystic atmosphere, the play in its splendid development creates an intense climax, and as the curtain falls, one is assured that he has witnessed a truly worthwhile production. The unusually well balanced cast consists of Mrs. Nora Byers, John Cavanaugh, John Leddy, Frank Creadon and Roscoe Bonjean.

The other play, "The Good Man," which is the work of Orville Murch, is based upon that historical fact that Lincoln, at all times opposed to attending a theatre upon Good Friday, went unwillingly to Ford's Theatre on April 14, 1865, where he fell before the bullet of Booth. The play is interesting not only because it deals with

an historical fact which is none too widely known, but also because it is well written, and a splendid presentation is promised from the cast which consists of Miss Helen Shank, Albert Doyle, who plays the part of Lincoln, Bernard Schuh, John Carroll, William Kearney and Frank Broch.

An interlude by the University orchestra under the direction of Professor Casasanta will give a touch of "Irish" to the evening's entertainment, for the program promised is one containing many of the more popular Irish songs, which are so highly appropriate upon the seventeenth of March.

Although it has little to do with the promised productions of tomorrow evening, it might be well to mention it at the present time, that within a few weeks, the first publication of the "University Theatre Library" will make its appearance upon the campus. The book will be made up of plays written in Professor Phillips' class in playwriting, and will, without doubt, be used throughout the country, for all the plays included in the book will be highly suitable to production. That the campus awaits with interest the publication of the book is a certainty, for it will give us an opportunity to enjoy again the plays which we have seen produced in the past two years.

N. D. MAY BUILD GOLF COURSE

The University campus may display an 18 hole golf course in 1929 if present plans are passed by the Board of Control of the University. Plans for such an enterprise have been discussed and may be carried out if the Dore road is closed. A petition for closing the road, the paved stretch that crosses the southwestern section of the campus in front of the dining halls, has been presented to the county commissioners.

The golf course, which will be situated southwest of the University dining halls, will be one of the best in the middle west, if present plans may be taken as a criterion.

The Board of Control will act on the proposal at its meeting next week.

ENGINEERS HEAR LECTURE ON TELEVISION

"Television" was the subject of an interesting lecture given by Russell A. Deller, former resident of South Bend, at Chemistry hall on Friday, March 9. Mr. Deller is now connected with the Bell Telephone laboratories in New York City and has been active in the development of this new wonder of science, the transmission of moving pictures by wire and radio.

In his talk, Mr. Deller sketched the history of the events leading up to this achievement and told of the obstacles which had confronted his associates. Scientists for many years, in many countries, have been struggling to solve the problems of television. The Bell laboratories have worked on them since 1920. The culmination of their efforts occurred on last April 7, 1927. It was then that television was first presented to the public. Secretary Herbert Hoover's voice and moving image were transmitted simultaneously from Washington to New York.

Television entails a complicated mechanism embodying the principles of telephony and the laws of light. In telephony the transmitter responds to sound waves and sends an electric current to the receiving equipment. The intensity of this current corresponds to the variation in the intensity of the sound waves.

In the electric transmission of pictures the transmitter is responsive to light waves. Its sensitive element is the photo-electric cell; and the current from it varies in intensity according to the light to which it is exposed. It was through this medium that the transmission of still pictures was made.

To successfully transmit a clear-cut image of a moving object presents a more difficult problem. The image of the object being transmitted is broken up into numerous small squares in a manner somewhat similar to the method followed in the making of a newspaper cut. The apparatus must present twenty-five hundred of these small areas of light in one sixteenth of a second, the same time in which it takes one section of a moving picture film to

move across a projecting machine. It must transmit them as electric current and rearrange them in the proper order on the receiving end.

BRUNSWICK CONCERT FRIDAY BEST OF SEASON

The high point of the Notre Dame concert season will be reached next Friday, March 23, when a number of the Brunswick Recording Artists of Chicago will present in Washington hall what is expected to be one of the finest concerts ever given here.

The program has been arranged by the concert committee assisted by Joseph Lyons, manager of the recording department of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. of Chicago, through whose courtesy the artists are being brought here.

Marie Morrissey, the contralto, whose reputation is nationwide, will be the featured artist on the program. Another prominent singer, Frank Silvano, tenor, will give a number of solos, and the Notre Dame glee club, directed by Joseph Casasanta, will sing some of its most popular selections.

Jules Huberbeaux' Recording Orchestra, specially augmented for the occasion, will undoubtedly be one of the most popular features of the program. A string quartette from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and a pianist, Lee Sims, whose Brunswick records are widely popular, will give a number of selections.

The concert will be held at 8 o'clock. One or two surprise features will be included in the program, according to the Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., prefect of discipline.

TICKETS FOR LAWYER'S BALL ON SALE

Tickets for the Lawyers' Ball were placed on sale last Monday. Attendance at the dance is limited to law students and one guest. The Ball will be held on Friday, April 20, at the Palais Royale ballroom. Following out the established custom of having a Negro band at the annual barrester's affair, negotiations are being carried out to secure a prominent Negro orchestra of Chicago.

THE CAMPUS CLUBS

By John Bergan

CHEMIST CLUB

The regular monthly meeting of the Chemist club was held Wednesday evening, March 7 at 7:45, in Chemistry hall. Charles Williams, club president, conducted the meeting. The entire period was devoted to the reading of three papers. E. M. Walters and W. J. Ginder read papers on the subject of "Electrolyzing Chlorine," and C. E. McDermott treated "Steam Generation" in his paper. The papers were very well received by the club members.

The club will hold its next scheduled meeting on April 11 in Chemistry hall.

BUFFALO CLUB

The Buffalo club held another enjoyable dinner meeting in the Turkish Room of the Oliver hotel, Saturday evening, March 10th. The success of the affair was due to the faithful efforts of Nick O'Marah and Marty Travers. Nick, in accounting for his success and his red tie, beseeched the fellows to patronize Leon Livingston.

The next dinner is to be held some time before Easter and the committee in charge intimated that this affair will be marked by a novel departure from the usual procedure.

Passing from pure business matters to the ridiculous, the members indulged in a bit of after-dinner speaking which was climaxed by an interesting and instructive talk by one Chuck Ducey.

All members are urged to attend the 8:15 Mass on next Sunday, March 18th, which is to be offered for the repose of the soul of Bernie Bird's father. A meeting will be held following the Mass, in the south room of the Library.

SPANISH CLUB

The Spanish club held its regular weekly meeting last Wednesday evening in the court room of Hoynes hall. Those who read papers were: William T. Doyle, vice-president of the club; John Cushman, Francis Amato, Francis Strohm. Father Maher, chaplain, read a very interesting paper on "La Oruga" and "The Caterpillar."

Professor Pedro de Landero, honorary president, closed the meeting with an informal discussion and announced next week's speakers.

GRAND RAPIDS CLUB

The Grand Rapids club held a meeting Thursday evening, March 8, in the south room of the Lemmonier Library. The first official business of the meeting was the election of a new vice-president to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John Withey. Louis Norman was elected.

Plans were also discussed for the "Easter Formal," which will be held at the Hotel Pantlind, Grand Rapids, on April 9. Leo Manns was appointed chairman of the dance committee.

CONNECTICUT VALLEY CLUB

The Connecticut Valley club held an informal get-together and smoker on Monday, March 12, in the Lay Faculty Dining Hall. Forty-eight members of the organization attended. Excellent talks were given by Father Frederick T. McKeon, C.S.C., and Dean James McCarthy, of the College of Commerce. A pleasant surprise in the form of entertainment was given by Messrs. Farmer, Rahaim and Vetrano. Smokes were furnished by Gilberts.

There will be a very important meeting of the Connecticut Valley club on Sunday, March 18, at 10:00 A. M. in the north room of the Library.

CHICAGO CLUB

President Dick Halpin of the Chicago Club has announced that the final arrangements for the Easter Formal which the club plans for Easter Monday evening have been made. If present plans are carried out, the Easter dance bids fair to surpass even the Christmas Formal held this year.

The scene will again be the Congress Hotel. To allow plenty of room for the large crowd that invariably attends Chicago Club affairs, Halpin has reserved both the Balloon Room and the famous Gold Room for the dance.

There will be excellent music produced by two well-known orchestras. Johnny Hamp and his Kentucky Serenaders of the Congress' Balloon Room, who record for the Victor corporation in their spare time, will be on hand throughout the evening; Abe Lyman, leader extraordinary, with his band, will arrive as soon as taxis can bring them to the Congress after the performance of "Good News," in which production he is now appearing.

Attractive and appropriate favors have again been selected by the Chicago Club.

At the meeting held a week ago, Coach Knute Rockne of the football team gave a talk to the assembled members on the cultural opportunities offered at Notre Dame.

INDIANAPOLIS CLUB

John D. Harrington, chairman of the Easter Formal Dinner Dance to be given by the Indianapolis Club at the Highland Golf and Country Club on the evening of April 9, announces that all plans are completed. The orchestra which has been obtained is of the highest quality. If the early sale of tickets indicate anything, the number of those attending will be the largest that has attended this annual affair of the club. An important meeting of the club is to be held on Tuesday, March 20, at 7:30 P. M., in the Library. All the members are asked to attend, and any men living anywhere in the vicinity of Indianapolis are invited and urged to come

THE COLLEGE PARADE

:-

By Cyril J. Mullen

Let it not be thought that I am being intimidated by *The Daily Kansan* into giving it free and frequent publicity. The paper is full of startling campus news; innovations that I cannot in conscience omit. For example: "Architectural Society Hears Talk On Plumbing."

There is one official yell at Dalhousie University, Nova Scotia. It is a good yell; it is an old yell; it is a yell that is traditional at Dalhousie, as the Notre Dame bun is traditional at Notre Dame. And now some radical has started a discussion by writing a letter to the *Dalhousie Gazette*, suggesting something new on which the students may exercise their vocal talent. That the staff received the shock with equanimity and tolerance, can be seen from the following quotation from the *Gazette* . . . "It is quite common, in fact, quite the thing, for a cheerleader to bring the stands to their feet with more than one yell. 'Variety is the spice of life,' and a little variety in the cheers might bring forth a bit of life from the stands in time of stress."

Here is the suggested new half of the "variety." It is, I think, reminiscent of a family reunion in the west end:

"Chickalacka, Chickalacka, Chickalacka, Chang!

Boomalacka, Boomalacka, Boomalacka Bang!

Wickwack, Wickwack, Wickwack Whoa!

Grrr . . . rrr. (louder) . . . RRR.

(Still louder) Dalhousie! Tiger!! Rah!!!

I deeply envy the Denver students the months of awe-struck delight and innocent frolic before them. This sentence taken from *The Clarion*, brings back lively days on our own campus last spring: "Steam Shovel Rushes Work on Excavation For Building."

Only one occurrence marred the contemplation of that new and advanced child of science in industry, the steam shovel at Notre Dame. And the occurrence had nothing to do with a dented African skull. It was the sad case of a freshman, who upon seeing the student body clamoring each day for another look at the steam shovel, remarked rather too loudly that he had seen a steam shovel before. The onlookers, horrified at such irreverence, deposited him in the lake.

The *Fordham Monthly*, a magazine as good in its serious prose and poetry, as in its humor, includes the following parody upon Edgar Guest's matchless singing. The parody catches Edgar at the usual work of being a staunch supporter of the homely virtues, and an even stauncher advocate of keeping the virtues as homely as possible. Lend an ear, brothers, and repent.

"When a meany sort of gink, offers you a drink

Think of all your loved ones far at home;
And when all your other pards

Whisper 'Come on, lets play cards'

Think of those who're waiting while you roam.

And when (what's worse and worser yet)

You want to smoke a cigarette—

Just think of all thats good and true

Way down deep inside of you

And say 'I won't, you bet.' "

The verse compares favorably with Guest's two most memorable lines:

"I'd like to be the kind of man

That is a real American."

The students at Cooper Union were treated to a spectacle extraordinary at a class dance in New York. It was an experience that many of us never realize, except in our more malicious dreams. Relates *The Pioneer*: "Members of faculty out to hop in large numbers."

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

THE UNIVERSAL SCOPE OF THE LAETARE MEDAL

There are several highly commendable things about the University's annual presentation of the Laetare Medal in recognition of the work carried on by notable Catholic laymen; not the least of these is the general field which is covered through the presenting of the medal to persons, both men and women, from all parts of the country and in almost every line of endeavor.

In the list published elsewhere in the SCHOLASTIC, giving the names of Laetare Medallists of the past, there are lawyers, doctors, essayists, poets, financiers, theatrical producers and actresses, ambassadors, and scientists. They have come from North, South, East, and West; from Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Atlanta.

Outstanding and representative men in their various professions may be cited in every case. Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago was, at the time of his death, the greatest surgeon in the country; he was honored by the University in 1902. Chief Justice Edward Douglas White was a noted jurist; Joseph Scott of Los Angeles is a leader in the law profession; Agnes Repplier of Philadelphia is well-known for her essays; the historical work of Dr. James J. Walsh is famous; Edward N. Hurley and Rear-Admiral William Shepherd Benson were both chosen by the President of the United States to head the Shipping Board that made the successful termination of the world war a possibility; Augustine Daly was one of the most noted managers that the American stage has had; and Margaret Anglin, who was presented with the medal last year, is today in the front rank of the country's actresses. And so on, and on, and on. One after another, the names rise high upon the American horizon. There is no favor cast to a particular profession, nor to a special section of the country here. All candidates are judged im-

partially for the work they have done to advance the good name of Catholicity in a country which, of late years, has been the scene of recurrent outbursts of bigotry.

Admiral Benson was the first son of the South to receive the Laetare Medal; the choice of Jack J. Spalding of Atlanta gives him a fellow on the long list of prominent individuals. Other Southerners, other Easterners, Northerners, and Westerners will come in the future to fulfill Notre Dame's policy of far-sightedness and broad vision, a policy allowing neither for sectional nor professional favoritism.

FOR THE APPROVAL OF SCOFFERS

The University Theatre again takes up its work as a medium of undergraduate expression tonight when two one-act plays, Murray Young's "A Sign and a Wonder" and Orville Murch's "The Good Man" are produced. It will be the second performance of work written by the students this year; two productions planned for the future will make a total of ten or eleven plays during the season.

Programs such as the one that is offered tonight go far toward destroying two fallacies cherished among persons opposed to college educations. According to one of the legends, a man in college does nothing at all; the other assumes that if he does, his entire time is divided between the classroom and the athletic field.

It is a pity that the whole race of doubters, sniffers, and scoffers cannot be crowded into Washington Hall tonight. It should be apparent—even to those who can see no good in the colleges—that no man who merely sat in his room, or disported himself on the campus, or buried his nose in a text-book could have written plays as well-constructed as these, that no such man would have gone through with the careful preparation necessary for acting in the productions.—J.A.M.

HOBNAILS

THEOPHILUS AMONG THE CUCKOOS

(After the manner of T. S. Eliot)
A phthisic wind among the trees
Cancatenates and soughs
While tintinabulations rise
From slim, anaemic cows.

Along the metaphysic paths,
Where shining cuckoos fell,
Invertebrate and lean he runs,
A tinkling, gay gazelle.

The anaesthetic bo-bo birds
All hypochondriac,
Sing epidermal songs behind
His curvilinear back.

Gregarious and loud, he now
Perambulates alone,
And with abysmal appetite
Emits a fretful moan.

A phthisic wind among the trees
Cancatenates and soughs
While tintinabulations rise
From slim, anaemic cows.

—CYRANO.

CAMPUS EVOLUTION

Frosh:

"Hello, Men." (Fresh from the Manual.)
"Good-bye, Men." (Likewise—off the press.)

Soph:

"Hi fellows." (Ah! the breaking down of Con-
vention.)
"S'long, lads."

Junior:

"H'lo, Stupe."
"I'll be seein' ya." or
"Hi-Draulic."
"Bi-metallism."

(Observe how two forms enter the Junior mind.)

Senior:

"Hi-Genie." (Intellectual and Sociological Joke.)
"Lo neck." (Cumbac embryo.)

Candidates for degrees:

"Lo."
"—and Behold."

—WWWWWWWW.

A PROPHET DOTH HAVE HONOR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

DEAR MR. HOBNAILS: While reading the bulletin the other day I became hysterical when I read that you were to be banished from our campus. But some lad who is in on the "know" informed me that the bulletin referred to hobnails on shoes.

—MRS. HAZZIT.

CONSIDER IT SAID

GOOD EVENING A. A. D.: *The Shadow Man*, my dear Allan, has been flagrantly assailed by the *Lass of Baltimore*; he has been dubbed a cynic, accused of a checkered past and what not. She would censure him evidently, for the shortcomings of his friend the *Buffoon*.

He smiles tolerantly, nevertheless, as he wanders aimlessly midst his friendly monastery shadows; he realizes that his accuser is, after all, a woman.

The Shadow Man no cynic is; rather is he an old time romancer, hating modern realism as the sainted ones hate sin. Thus it is he seeks the shadows where no realism's found.

The *Lass* need fear naught of him; she is unpursued—her "trail" he does not seek, for—

*When the sweetest of dreams all bitter turn,
Why, only the fool for others yearn;
If the wine is sour and bites the lip,
I will not further from it sip;
But from me set the cup away,
And find sweet solace as I may,
In shadows, and in solitude.*

Nevertheless, Allan, say to her that *The Shadow Man* likes her lines; they smack of the idealistic, a lost quality among her modern, tinsel-bedecked sisters. Say to her—

*Your lines, strange lass, quite pretty are;
So from your Baltimore afar,
Please pen some more, and in the mail
Send them therein to Allan-a-Dale.*

—THE SHADOW MAN.

THE PRISONER AND THE FLOWER

*Immortal guide, revoke my burdened fate
And lead me not like this to meet my end.
Oh! take me out to moil beyond this gate,
For why should I another's wrong amend?
I'm dreaming in my turret, barred from all,
Of lovely castles that I once had planned
And, bit by bit, I see them slowly fall
As wind destroys impressions on the sand.
But why should I so discontented be,
When viewing from my watchtower every day
A little flower, realized just by me,
And it in just one spot must always stay.
No more I'll say, nor whimper vain lament.
I'll play the man and try to be content.*

—JAMES J. HEANEY, JR.

Who would ever have thought, when we were young and hedonistic, that someday we would owe a holiday to St. Thomas of Aquin? Well, now that the ice is broken, we're all in favor of a Science Number for Albertus Magnus or a Band Number for St. Cecelia. What are we bid for the idea?

—ALLAN-A-DALE.

LITERARY

*Winks**A Smooth Story of Smooth People*

WILLIAM T. BRESNAHAN

THE man-servant had just taken my hat and coat, and, as I stood in the doorway hesitating to step into the room, I had that self-conscious feeling of one who has arrived at a party in a strange house.

The room had about it that atmosphere of expectancy which animates all rooms prepared for an event. A lounge room of a bachelor's suite is seldom meticulously tidy,—this room was. It fairly breathed arrangement. Dimly lit by a single piano lamp just inside the door to my right, the room depended for its light on the fireplace in the opposite wall. Brightly burning embers cast a ruddy glow, half illuminating a long deeply cushioned lounge drawn up close on the left. Flickering lights crept into the shadows along the near wall and revealed long dark window-drapes discreetly pulled together. Farther along the wall row upon row of books dully caught the uncertain light and as dully reflected it. In the far shadowy corner, past drawn portieres, was a sideboard loaded with neat stacks of dishes, bottles, and assorted silverware that hinted at a buffet luncheon for later in the evening. A bright Spanish shawl was draped exactly over the grand piano in the corner near me, and on the shawl was a tray whose burden of polished glasses and frosted cocktail shaker glistened in the light of the lamp. Everything was prepared. Even the green baize topped table before the fireplace was in readiness—with the tray of red, white, and blue chips, and unopened packs of cards in its center, and with chairs tilted forward on two legs, their backs leaning against the table top.

I wondered vaguely how often this room had been prepared in this way to attain such

perfection? Just then the drawn portieres across the room were brushed aside, and my host, Fenwick, advanced toward me, his hand extended.

He seemed to fit perfectly into his surroundings. Dressed in a silk lounge-robe, tall, slim, dark, with black hair combed smoothly back, he was rather handsome. Aristocratic in his bearing, and smooth!

"You are the first to arrive," he smiled, "but then always some one must arrive first."

I explained how I missed Rowland—at whose invitation I had come on the party—in the Neil House lobby, and had decided to come on up to the suite by myself.

"You are . . ." he hesitated.

"McCullum," I answered. "You don't know me, but I've seen your picture several times in the papers."

At this he smiled, and went over to the wall switch to turn on the lights; but somehow the room was so restful and luxurious as it was that he, feeling no doubt as I did, paused with his hand on the switch and said, "Perhaps you would like it better as it is?"

Assuring him that I would, he bade me make myself comfortable, and excused himself to consult his man about the food.

Seated on the comfortable lounge I fell to musing. Here I was, getting up in the world. Fenwick was wealthy, presumably very wealthy. No one seemed to know just what his business was, but he owned cars, kept his expensive suite the year around, and was always seen at the races, on first nights at the theatre, lunching at the Ritz with this or that smartly-gowned person, in fact he was always where wealthy and interesting people congregated. His poker parties were famous; I was lucky to be invited. Row-

land, who had sold Fenwick his last car, had been to several. Sometimes large sums of money were won or lost. Well, I was well enough off myself, now that I was single again. One night of this sort of thing would do me good. A recent divorce puts one on the list with the social register, and here I was getting fashionable.

Good Lord, it was great to be free, with no one to bother when you went out or at what time you came in. I probably wouldn't be here tonight if Anne were still the blonde helpmate. How she did detest stag parties and the subsequent laborious fumbling at the keyhole! Married life is all right—when you are out of it. I gave her the divorce without a fight. What's the use of trying to hold a dissatisfied woman who values wealth and position above your affections? I would rather, though, that she had left me because I beat her, or was too much of the man about town, then because I could not afford the un-necessaries that she desired. It hurts a man's pride to think that he is not capable of giving a beautiful and charming wife the things that she loves, and which other men could give her. Well . . . I was only thirty-five, and, for my age, getting right along. A vice-presidency leads to a presidency someday. Rowland was telling me, . . . she was going to be married. Anne would realize her conditions, she would get wealth and position. Beauty and charm were hers. I didn't need her, but . . . damn it, she did trample my self-respect. A man would almost like to get even with a woman for that.

A bell ringing somewhere in the suite broke my reverie, and the man-servant passed silently thru the room on his way to open the door. I had noticed him before, although his claim to attention was not in his general appearance—Lord knows he was obsequious enough—but in the efficient way with which he handled himself, and his manner of glancing at you.

Rowland stepped into the room with two other gentlemen.

"Hello, Tom. Been here long? Sorry to have missed you. Say Tom, I want you to meet Judge Hennessey—Mr. McCullum, Judge—and Mr. Farrell. Perhaps you've seen Farrell's latest play "London?" The

critics gave it a good send-off. . . . Where's Fenwick?"

"Sorry to be so inhospitable, gentlemen," a voice from across the room said, and Fenwick advanced to meet us, "but I have been having a little difficulty with the chef downstairs. These artists in their own line, you know . . . They're temperamental fellows—with all respect to you, Farrell," he added laughingly. "It's getting colder out, isn't it? Harper will get us some cocktails, and then we will have a little game."

"Little or big, I don't care," remarked Farrell. "I'm after your hair, Fenwick. You know, since I met you last month, you've taken two thousand from me, and that's not mentioning what you've won from others I know. Your luck can't last."

"I have been lucky, haven't I?" smiled Fenwick.

"Lucky! Why man with such luck you could make your living at cards, and live as well as you do now. Look out, though."

"Any time, old man, any time, that you want revenge . . . you know where to find me," replied Fenwick good naturedly and with the short laugh that seemed so much a part of his suave self.

We all laughed. There *was* a feeling of companionship and good-fellowship about our group. It was nice to be in such distinguished company and with such a charming host. Money and position *were* useful things. Who knew though, perhaps some day I would have both, but . . . too late for Anne. In Fenwick's place now . . . he could give her everything. Well, Life places its tariff on happiness.

"Shall we play a few hands, gentlemen?" Fenwick was saying.

Harper came through with the tray and took our glasses. He worked adeptly. Everything was perfectly ordered in this household.

Seated around the table we began to play five card stud. The stakes were high, and my cards poor. Winning a hand now and then failed to interest me. All of us had won a few, it seemed. In fact I couldn't get my mind on the game. Fenwick was interested; Farrell was rapt. Rowland and the Judge enjoyed themselves laughing; they

had Farrell's play on the carpet.

I couldn't help watching Fenwick; it was a poem to see him shake and deal the cards. He did everything well. Accomplishment was his. They said he loved to gamble. I believed it. To acquire such dexterity he must have played cards a great deal. A man of his means could, I guess, afford to spend his leisure that way.

"Have you been playing the market lately, Charley?" the Judge asked.

"Er . . . yes, Consolidated Motors, Judge," Fenwick replied.

"Making anything?"

"Ah . . . no, just about breaking even."

Nonchalant way of speaking about matters that involved probably thousands of dollars! I admired the sense of power which allowed my host to do it.

The evening wore on, and my stack of chips remained the same. My cards had been gradually getting better, and I should have been winning, but Fenwick's cards on the big pots were always too good for mine. It struck me with a little pang that I couldn't equal this man even at playing cards. Rowland's luck was like mine, but the Judge and Farrell had been losing steadily. No longer did the Judge laugh, he was now more intent on the game; and Farrell,— his eyes were glued on his cards.

"Say Charley," the Judge broke in suddenly, "do you remember that likeable young scamp, Eaton?"

"The fellow that was kicked out of West Point a few years back, you mean?"

"Yes, and broke the heart of that old aristocrat, his mother. Well, I just heard at the club today that he committed suicide last summer in England. Disgraceful affair; too! Sam Barton was telling me about it; he was there at the time. It seems that young Eaton had been hitting the pace pretty strong,—spending a lot of money. To recoup a little of his fortune, he took to gambling heavily, and, from the story, he won a lot, too. One night at Lord Norton's summer place, where he was spending a week-end, they caught him cheating, red-handed,—a card up his sleeve, and about all the chips on the table in front of him. He

didn't protest or anything, didn't say a word; just turned pale and left the room. A few moments later a shot was heard, and when they found him in an upstairs room, the poor boy was finished."

Fenwick had been listening intently. "Too bad," he said, "to be snuffed out so early! Still in his place I would have done the same thing. Life without honor isn't worth much."

My host's face had paled a little during the recital and there was sympathy written on it. Humaneness, I thought, could be added to his other perfections.

The game went on, and Fenwick continued to win. Farrell and the Judge removed their coats, and Farrell's collar had begun to wilt. I was tired, and Rowland was yawning now and then. But Fenwick was his cool and unruffled self, enjoying it all. Seated as I was, I could see Harper over near the sideboard wiping off some plates with a napkin and arranging silverware. From time to time, as he worked silently, the man glanced over at us with that peculiarly intent but sad look in his eyes. He appeared intelligent. I decided that he interested me.

Coincident with my thoughts, Farrell leaned forward and asked in a low voice, "Where did you pick up your valet, Fenwick? He interests me. Does he have that brooding look in his eyes all the time?"

"Yes, and sometimes he gets on my nerves a little," laughed Fenwick shortly.

"I was going to say, I believe I could write him into one of my plays, if . . ."

"Well, his story is interesting enough," interrupted Fenwick, "although I do play the villain part in it."

"Perhaps," glancing around the table, "you would like to hear it?"

The rest felt as I did. The servant interested all of us, and when he left the room my host went on.

"I don't like to tell this, because I hate to put myself in a bad light, but maybe it will do me some good and show you what a merciless fellow I am. Harper is more or less the spoils of war, and I couldn't get along without him. Even when I give him a day off I feel lost—can't find anything, miss appoint-

ments, mix myself vile tasting drinks, ball everything up in fact. He's a jewel all right. To get to the story, though! Several years ago Harper and his older brother were left a little money by their father, an old sea-captain, and, as the older brother had the better business head, Harper put it all in his hands to establish a brokers' office. Harper had practically no business knowledge, while the brother was both capable and shrewd. Things went along pretty well for a year or so, the brother running the business, and Harper devoting himself to a more or less quiet and scholarly life, which he liked best. Then the brother, who was playing the market, made a few missteps, and finally lost everything in a big raid in which I was involved as one of the raiders. It was all good hard business, and he was just one of the unfortunates, but he never forgave me. He did, however, ask of me one favor, which I could hardly refuse, and that was to place his brother, Harper, in some position where he could maintain and provide for himself independently. I did my best. I placed him in the office of several of my friends; he didn't do there. Then I put him in a bank, and again he was a misfit. The business world was not his world; he was too timid and retiring. Finally one day I got up enough courage to ask him if he would come into my employ as my valet. A big come-down for him, you know, but to my surprise he readily assented, and from then to now he has been a success. Some spoils, I guess, are worthwhile. Absolutely, gentlemen, I couldn't do without him, but that eternal brooding look gets me jumpy. He is always respectful and efficient, but there are times when I feel as if he is watching me, and plotting. He's deep enough and intelligent."

"You mean that he might be contemplating revenge on you for the part you had in lowering his position and destroying his independence?" put in the Judge.

"Now that you put it that way, yes," replied Fenwick. "I hate to admit it, but sometimes I fear him a little. You know, a servant is so intimately connected with his employer's life that his revenge, if he felt so disposed, could be consummate indeed."

"But if you feel that way why don't you get rid of the fellow?" asked Farrell.

"For the good reason that now I am almost as dependent on him as he is on me. He does everything for me; to lose him would be more trouble than to keep him. Then again, I really like the chap."

Harper glided through the portieres, and Fenwick turning said, "Everything ready, Harper?"

"In about five minutes, sir."

We resumed play. I didn't even get openers, and was glad of it. I couldn't keep my mind on the game, couldn't keep Anne out of my mind. I didn't need her, I thought fiercely, didn't want her, but . . . if she had only given me a chance, had a little patience! Damn her, she made me feel cheap. Perhaps some day she would get the little end of it as I did. She deserved it. Wouldn't it be great though, to even up? I might find a way.

I snapped out of my thoughts suddenly. What was it? There was a strained silence. All eyes were on Fenwick. A corner of white pasteboard peeped out from the top of the turned back cuff on his left sleeve, and stood out sharply against the black silk of his robe. No one moved; tenseness lay over us and pulsated like an electric current. Farrell snapped it. Reaching over suddenly, he snatched the card from its place, looked at it—it was an ace—and snarled, "You cheat!"

Fenwick never moved, but he was pale, ghastly. Finally he broke out in a voice I had never heard before, "Gentlemen—there must be some mistake."

"Mistake hell! Your luck was too good," jerked Farrell. He could hardly control himself.

I looked around the table. On the Judge's face there was written keen disappointment; Rowland's showed bewilderment; Farrell, half standing with the card still in his hand, had contempt etched on every feature. I was stunned, and . . . embarrassed.

Suddenly Fenwick got up from the table, and with never a word left the room. Was this to be another Eaton affair? I thought with horror. Well . . . a dull feeling of resentment was being fanned into flame within

me . . . well let it. I had admired Fenwick, wished to be like him, and he was a damned cheat. So this explained the smoothness, the preparedness of everything about the place. He probably lived on his wits. That was it. He was a card-sharp. He had no other business.

A sharp crash split the air. We looked at each other, and, as one, moved toward the portieres. But Harper, who had been standing over next the sideboard throughout the whole affair, was there first, his back to the portieres, hands outstretched dramatically over them, and facing us.

"It was my fault, gentlemen, it was my fault." His eyes were dilated, his face worked convulsively. "I put that card in my master's sleeve, I planted it on him. I wanted revenge, and now he is dead. He was good to me," he wailed, and then sank at our feet.

We seemed paralyzed, rooted to the spot. Just then the black curtains in front of us

moved, and Fenwick, smiling, stepped through with a smoking pistol in his hand.

Harper, upon seeing Fenwick, screamed and placed both hands in front of his face as if to ward off something terrible. Then looking closer, with a half-sob half-laugh, he crawled over, grasped his master's hand and held it to his cheek.

"It's all right, Harper, old fellow," laughed Fenwick, "you see I know you better than you know yourself. Get up like a good fellow and get us some drinks."

We all turned away, ashamed and embarrassed . . . To have doubted the man! Fenwick was exonerated,—exonerated beyond doubt. Yet, what was that? I wondered vaguely, were my eyes playing tricks? As I turned, I had caught the knowing smile and exchange of winks that passed between Fenwick and his man-servant. Oh, this fellow was clever; damn clever. I ought to expose him, . . . Yet, who was I—a divorced man—to cast any reflection upon the just exoneration of the man who was to marry my wife?

Dialogue

*'Now what has made you sad, boy,
Now what has brought you down?
It must be a weighty book
To give you such a frown.'*

*'No, I hold a gay book
Of empty, laughing men:
I forget the swift words
But I shall read again.'*

*'Then it is a false friend
Has brought you to despair?'
'All my friends are true friends,
And all my friends are fair.'*

*'Ah! I see—your sweetheart
Now carries in her head
The image of another one?'
'No, for she is dead.'*

—JASPER BRENT

SPORT NEWS

Butler Defeats Keoganites in Final, 21-13**Bulldogs Win Great Defensive Battle in New Field House**

Before the desperate last half attack of their hosts who were determined to open their new \$1,000,000 field house in an imposing manner with a victory, the Notre Dame basketballers dropped a hotly contested battle to the Butler Bulldogs in an exceptionally hard fought game in Indianapolis, Wednesday evening, March 7. Inability to solve a puzzling Butler zone defense in the last twenty minutes of play, and to check the brilliant basket sorties of Coach Hinkle's protegees, proved Notre Dame's ultimate undoing as the Keoganites enjoyed an 11-9 advantage at the intermission.

The stonewall defense of both quints featured this classic of Hoosier basketball. Notre Dame had the reputation of being the best defensive team in the country, but the Capital City cagers out-Irished the Irish in this department by holding the Gold and Blue to a single field goal in the second half, a long one by Donovan.

Outscored and outplayed throughout the first period and held to a one point lead for the major portion of the second stanza, Butler dropped its defensive tactics in the last five minutes of play and opened up a dazzling offense to break through the exceptionally tight Notre Dame guarding and run up an eight point lead before the timer's gun put an end to one of the greatest games in the downstate school's history.

The Keoganites got off to an auspicious start and ran up a 9 to 3 advantage before the Hinklemen were able to stop their unerring short pass attack. At this point the game looked decidedly one-sided. It soon lost this aspect, however, as the Bulldogs shortened the gap to two points at the half. Notre Dame had the edge during this

period, which was featured by the fast floor work and neat passing of the upstate players.

Frankie Crowe, flashy Notre Dame forward, scored the first goal in the new field house when he sank one from around the foul line on the tip-off play. Chandler tied it up for the Bulldogs by dropping in a close shot, but Donovan's one-pointer sent the visitors into the lead again, never to be headed for the rest of the half. At this point Smith got loose with the ball under his own basket, engineered a thrilling dribble the length of the court, and brought the crowd to its feet with a beautiful running toss.

Captain Joe Jachym raised his team's total by hurling a pair of free throws and followed them a moment later with a spectacular one-handed heave from the side that left the Indianapolis crew dazed. After taking time out to think things over, Butler started a whirlwind assault and rang up four field goals while allowing their guests a single basket—another sensational side shot by Jachym.

The Butler mentor evidently did some strong talking during the intermission for the local aggregation came back strong and held the Gold and Blue to a lone two-pointer for the remainder of the evening. This was due mainly to the splendid guarding of the secondary defense which cut off potential scores time after time by smothering the Notre Dame sharpshooters. The Keoganites fought hard but were unable to solve the exceptionally fine Bulldog defensive operations.

Hosier, Butler back guard, tied the score at the start of the second half, and Captain Chadd sank an under-the-basket toss, putting his team in the lead for the first

OFFICIAL 1928 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

- Sept. 29—Loyola (New Orleans) at N. D.
- Oct. 6—Wisconsin at Madison
- Oct. 13—Navy at Chicago
- Oct. 20—Drake at Notre Dame
- Oct. 27—Georgia Tech at Atlanta
- Nov. 3—Penn State at Philadelphia
- Nov. 10—Army at New York
- Nov. 17—Carnegie Tech at Notre Dame
- Dec. 1 or 8—Southern Cal. at Los Angeles

time. Donovan's beautiful long two-pointer knotted the count again and ended the Notre Dame scoring. Holz then sent his team ahead with a successfully negotiated charity heave.

The magnificent defensive proclivities of both teams cut off all further scoring opportunities for the next ten minutes. A final burst of speed during the last five minutes, however, brought the Butler colors to the fore and gave Holz three easy short shots, all of which he made good. This brought the score to 21-13, at which point it remained until the timer's gun broke the taut silence of the final moments of the epochal struggle.

The game was a battle of the giants, every player giving the best that was in him and giving it unstintingly. The particular star for Notre Dame was Captain Joe Jachym, who split the mesh twice from the field and successfully negotiated a similar number of tosses from the foul strip. Ed Smith, Donovan, and Crowe were also outstanding in a contest of brilliant performers. Holz and Captain Chadd were the Butler mainstays.

NOTRE DAME (13)			BUTLER (21)		
	G.	F. P.		G.	F. P.
Jachym, f	2	2	Chadd, f	1	2
Crowe, f	1	0	Chandler, f	2	1
Hamilton, c	0	1	Holz, c	3	2
Donovan, g	1	2	Christopher, g	1	0
Smith, g	1	3	Hosier, g	1	0
McCarthy, f	0	2	White, f	0	0
Newbold, f	0	0	Floyd, g	0	0
Colerick, c	0	0	Jackman, g	0	0
<hr/>			<hr/>		
Totals	5	9	Totals	8	5

Officials—Kearns, DePaul, referee; Schommer, Chicago, umpire.

SOPHOMORE BEATS SORIN FOR CHAMPIONSHIP: SCORE 37-28

Led by Art Hurley and Forsee, sensational forwards, the Sophomore Hall quintet defeated the Sorin Hall cage aggregation last Wednesday night by a 37-28 score. The game was played on the varsity hardwood and approximately 500 persons viewed the attraction. The contest was a play-off for the Interhall championship of Notre Dame and by their brilliant victory the Two-Year men came into undisputed possession of the honor.

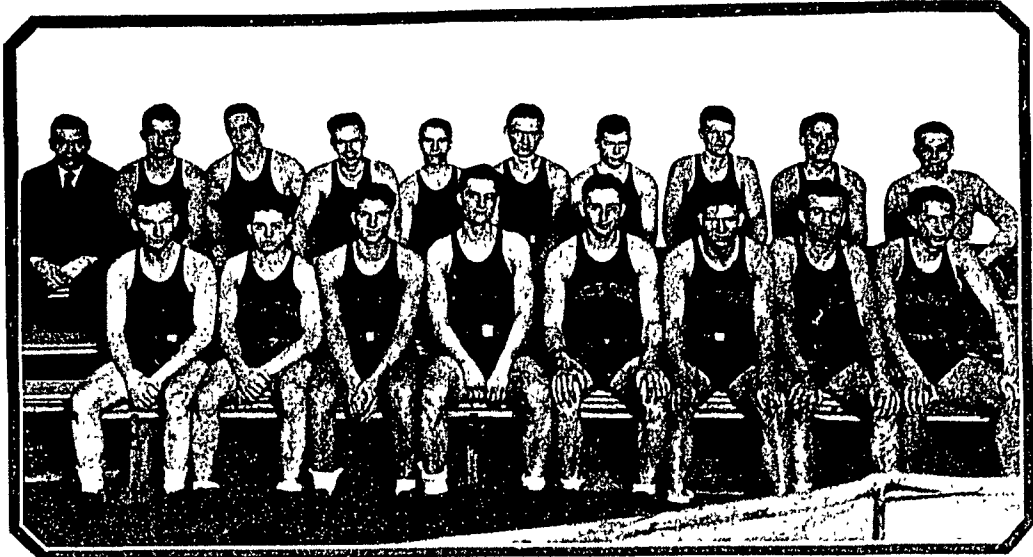
A relentless first half attack which rang up sixteen points to six for the Sorinites, was the main factor in the Sophomore triumph, as the Seniors outscored the Pastebord Palace combination during the last twenty minutes of play.

The battle was exceptionally rough throughout and many fouls were called on the players of both teams. The Sorinites were the worst offenders, however, as no less than four of their first-string performers were ejected via personal fouls during the second half. This had an important bearing on the ultimate result, for at the height of a belated Sorin offensive which seriously threatened the superiority of the Two-Year men, the Seniors were forced to perform with only four men.

The Sophomores clearly deserved their coveted victory, as they outplayed their rivals the major portion of the route. The Sorinites tried hard but they could not fathom successfully the puzzling passing attack of their conquerors.

Art Hurley of the winners was high point man for the engagement with a sextet of baskets and a quartet of successful fouls for a total of 16 points. His all-around playing also featured. The performances of Forsee, his teammate, equalled if not exceeded Hurley's in passing, dribbling, and shooting, although he was held to a fewer number of points.

Johnny Victoryn with five two-pointers and two charity-heaves was easily the outstanding player for Sorin. The entire Senior play centered around him and he came through in consistently splendid style.



VARSITY '27-'28—FRONT L. R.—DONOVAN, CROWE, NEWBOLD, CAPT. JACHYM, COLERICK, BRAY, SMITH, VOGELWEDE. REAR—MGR. IGOE, M'CARATHY, KIZER, COPPS, FORSEE, O'NEILL, HARRINGTON, HAMILTON, DAILEY, COACH KEOGAN.

Notre Dame Basketball Results

Dec. 5—at Notre Dame, Ind.....	Notre Dame 37; Armour Tech 12.
Dec. 9—at Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame 40; Illinois Wesleyan 23.
Dec. 12—at Iowa City, Iowa	Notre Dame 23; Iowa 20.
Dec. 20—at Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame 28; Northwestern 22.
Dec. 23—at Minneapolis, Minn.	Notre Dame 26; Minnesota 18.
Dec. 29—at Evanston, Ill.	Notre Dame 23; Northwestern 25.
Dec. 31—at Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame 35; Princeton 24.
Jan. 7—at Philadelphia, Pa.	Notre Dame 30; U. of Pennsylvania 28.
Jan. 13—at Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame 36; Franklin 24.
Jan. 17—at Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame 30; Wabash 19.
Jan. 21—at Dec Moines, Iowa	Notre Dame 29; Drake 19.
Jan. 28—at Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame 29; Michigan State 25.
Feb. 3—at East Lansing, Mich.	Notre Dame 16; Michigan State 26.
Feb. 7—at Madison, Wis.	Notre Dame 21; Wisconsin 14.
Feb. 11—at Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame 32; Butler 24.
Feb. 17—at Pittsburgh, Pa.	Notre Dame 31; Carnegie Tech 19.
Feb. 18—at Pittsburgh, Pa.	Notre Dame 22; Pittsburgh 24.
Feb. 23—at Milwaukee, Wis.	Notre Dame 21; Marquette 13.
Feb. 25—at Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame 33; Drake 12.
Feb. 29—at Crawfordsville, Ind.	Notre Dame 30; Wabash 26.
Mar. 3—at Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame 24; Marquette 19.
Mar. 7—at Indianapolis, Ind.	Notre Dame 13; Butler 21.

Total.....N. D. 609—Opponents.....457

SOPHOMORE BASEBALL MATERIAL PROMISING

The class of '30 seems to have been favored with an unusually large number of potential Notre Dame varsity baseball players. Already in the comparatively short time that diamond practice has been under way several of these men have come rapidly to the fore and are making serious efforts to break into the lineup in some capacity or other.

At the initial sack, Ed Fuehery has shown up exceptionally fine and is giving Colerick, last year's regular first-sacker, a well-founded bit of worry. Smith, a classmate, is right in back of Fuehery with almost an equal amount of prowess. Captain Joe Sullivan has of course cinched the keystone position, although O'Keefe, another Soph, will be ready when needed. Leo Scrall has Palmero and Benton to contend with for the shortstop berth, although it appears that he has such a strangle hold upon the position that it will take a young earthquake to loosen it. Handicapped by his knee, which was injured in the football season, Niemiec is gallantly attempting to carry on at his old job at third base. Should his injury withstand the strain then he too will have his berth all sewed up. "Bus" Griffin will be ready to fill in, in case it doesn't, however. Jack Mahoney and Benedetto, two more last year yearlings, are right behind Griffin.

O'Keefe, Moran, Burns, and Nolan appear to be the most promising Sophomore candidates for the outfield berths. Nolan, in particular, a converted first-baseman, is putting up an exceptionally hard battle with excellent prospects of breaking into the charmed group of regulars. "Fritz" Wilson, "Bull" Poliskey, and one or two others of the varsity men who saw some action last year, are also making their presence known to fill the gaps in the sun-gardens caused by the graduation of Moore, O'Boyle and Yore, regular gardeners during the 1927 campaign.

Dorwin, Bob Walsh and Nulty, all second year men, are in the thick of the battle to earn one of the regular pitching

assignments, and are battling Ed Donoghue, a junior out for the first time, and Ed Walsh, Oskar Rust, and Joe Jachym, varsity regulars from last year, for the coveted hurling assignments.

Donoghue and Lordi, another pair of Sophomores, are offering plenty of competition to John Law, Krembs, and Larry Mason for the receiving berth.

The Blue and Gold diamond candidates have been working out regularly in the gym and expect very shortly to be able to go outdoors.

"Big Ed" Walsh has departed to rejoin the White Sox in his capacity of coach, and all tutoring has been placed in the hands of the popular and reliable Tommy Mills.

R. P. D.

FRESHMAN BASEBALL STARTS

About 100 Freshman baseball candidates attended the first meeting called by Father Mooney, the coach of the team, last Saturday afternoon. The men, assembled in the south room of the Lemonnier Library, listened to a brief talk by this year's mentor on sportsmanship and plans for the coming season. Twenty-four men will comprise the squad this year. Men who are cut from football will be eligible for baseball up to a certain date. Practice has started this week with a workout for infielders and battery men. Notices in the various halls will give information on the time and place of all practice sessions.

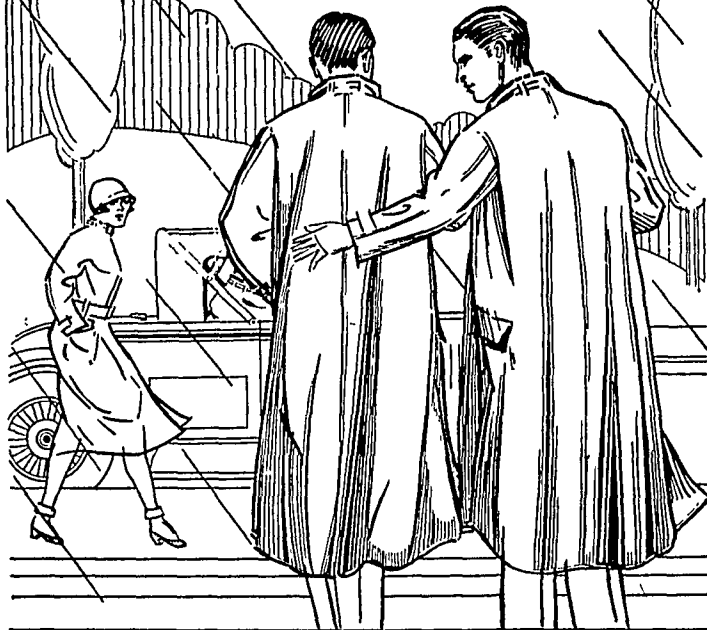
Interhall baseball will be in full swing within a short time. Two leagues will be formed. The schedules and teams will be announced shortly.

—R.H.

NOTRE DAME MAN PLACED ON ALL-AMERICAN

Hugh McCaffery, last year's captain and easily the outstanding swimmer of the Gold and Blue championship squads of the past two years, was recently placed on the honorary All-American Intercollegiate Swimming Team picked by Frank J. Sullivan. He is the first Notre Dame man ever to be accorded this distinction and great credit

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is due him for his achievement. He was ranked among the first ten swimmers selected from all the colleges throughout the country, meriting not one position but two, being placed on the honorary list for both the 220 and 440 yard free style events. He was undefeated in these events in dual meets during his last two years of varsity competition, placing third in them at the National Individual Intercollegiate Championships at Iowa City last spring. He was bested at these distances by the Intercollegiate champion, Paul Samson of Michigan, who fell but a few seconds short of a new world's record in this meet.

As the first Notre Dame man to be honored thus, McCafferty's success is hailed with delight by the entire university. —J.H.Z.

FROSH TRACKMEN WIN

The Freshman Track team won its second dual meet of the season Saturday, March 10, at the expense of Culver Military academy, 65¼ to 29¾ at Culver.

The freshmen outpointed their cadet rivals in most all the runs, as they took eight out of eleven firsts. "Big John" O'Brien with ten points was high point man of the meet, taking first places in both hurdle races. McConville of Notre Dame ran a nice race to win the half mile; and the 1000 yard relay team established a new mark of 152 3-5. Anderson, Bradley, Gesantri and Nichols ran for the Freshmen.